

Our Dumb Animals!

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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No. 5.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

ABOUT APPLES.

Bella had been out all the afternoon helping gather apples.

When she came into the house, she asked Aunt Mary: "*Do apples grow wild, Aunt Mary?*"

Aunt Mary said, "there are two or three kinds of wild crab-apples native to America; but none of our cultivated kinds have been raised from these."

"*Then, where do our cultivated apples come from?*"

"From the seeds of apples that were brought by the colonists from Europe."

"*Does the apple grow better in Europe than here?*"

"Oh, no! In our Northern and Middle States it grows better than in any part of the world."

"*What is the name of this apple I have in my hand?*"

"That is a Gravenstein, so called because it originated in a town of that name in Germany. It is a very fine apple."

"*Have we any as good, that were born in America?*"

"You mean, have we any native varieties that are as good as the European? Yes; the Newtown Pippin is admitted to be one of the finest apples in the world; and it was '*born*,' as you call it in America."

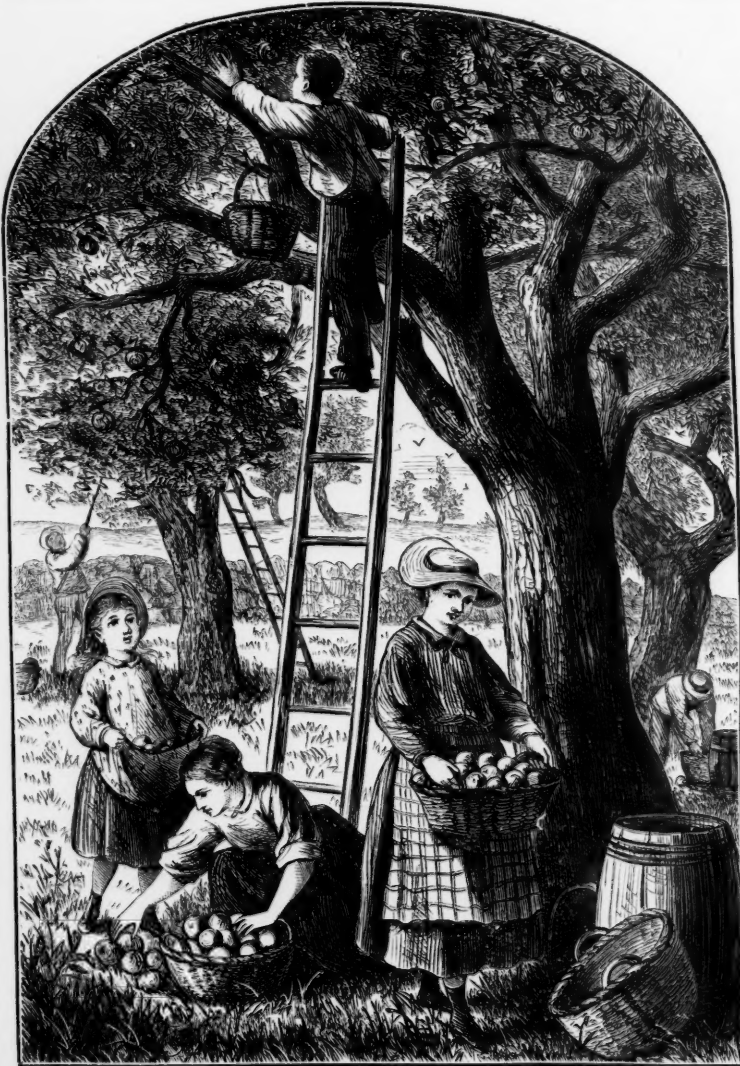
"*Was the Baldwin apple born here?*"

"Yes; it is a native of Massachusetts, and one of the best of the red winter apples."

"*I like sweet apples when they are baked.*"

"So do I, Bella. We shall have some on the tea-table to-night, and there is the tea-bell. Now, we will have sweet apples and cream."

KATE B.



GATHERING THE APPLES.

BURDETTE'S ADVICE ABOUT MARRY-
ING.

R. J. Burdette, in the *Burlington Hawkeye*, gives the following advice to young men: "*You say you demand a domestic, useful woman as your wife. If that is so, marry Nora Mulligan, your laundress' daughter. She wears cow-hide shoes, is guiltless of corsets, never had a sick day in her life, takes in washing, goes out house-cleaning, and cooks for a family of seven children, her mother and three section men who board with her. I don't think she would marry you, because, Con Reagan, the track walker, is her style of man. Let us just examine into your qualifications as a model husband after your own matrimonial ideas, my boy. Can you shoulder a barrel of flour and carry it down cellar? Can you saw and split ten cords of hickory wood in the fall so as to have ready fuel all winter? Can you spade up a half acre of ground for a kitchen garden? Do you know what will take the lime taste out of the new cistern, and can you patch the little leak in the kitchen roof? Can you bring home a pane of glass and a wad of putty and repair damages in the sitting-room window? Can you hang some cheap paper on the kitchen? Can you fix the front gate so it will not swag? Can you do anything about the house that Con Reagan can? My dear, dear boy, you see Nora Mulligan wants a higher type of true manhood. You expect to hire men to do all the man's work about the house, but you want your wife to do anything any woman can do. Believe me, my son, that nine-tenths of the girls who play the piano and sing so charmingly, whom you in your limited knowledge set down as mere butterflies of fashion, are better fitted for wives than you are for a husband. If you want to marry a first-class cook and experienced housekeeper, do your courting in the intelligence office. But if you want a wife, marry the girl you love, with dimpled hands and a face like the sunlight, and her love will teach her all these things, my boy, long before you have learned one-half of your own lesson.*"

WANTED TO BE A REPORTER.

You have doubtless heard the story of Mrs. G. who paid a first visit to Mrs. N., and who asked her what her husband did for a living.

"Oh," said Mrs. N., "he is a reporter."

"What's that?"

"Why, he goes all about town finding out things about people and then he prints it in the newspapers. He earns twenty dollars a week."

"Goodness gracious! Do you mean to tell me that people get paid for that, and I never knew it," screamed Mrs. G., as she took up her bonnet and rushed off to a newspaper office as fast as she could go.—*Caroline Cole.*

A SCENE FROM LIFE.

The big moon-faced clock in the Boston & Providence railway station marked the last hour of the day, says the *Boston Herald*. Below upon the sidewalk and under the glare of an electric light, stood a group of three persons. The air was thick with a heavy mist, and the streets were as still as the pathways in a graveyard, with the exception of the rumbling of the herdies which were hurrying up the avenue with their freights of boozy club men. One of the trio was a man with a bronzed face and a heavy mustache. He was attired in a dark suit and a dilapidated straw hat. Under one arm he held a common kitchen clock. On his right stood a

woman in a plain calico dress.

Between the man and woman stood a little child. A black and white straw hat rested upon its tiny head, while beneath the rim a maze of golden hair fluttered in the cold night wind. This speck of humanity was dressed in an old calico outer garment, which was apparently the only covering it had on. The little feet were bare, and the child ran about to overcome the chilling effect of the cold damp pavements.

"Do you live in Cambridge?" was asked by the male member of the group.

"I do, sir," was the reply.

"How is it you are out so late with this little child?"

"We are moving, sir, from the Highlands to Cambridge, and this is the last of our furniture. We have been warned out of our house and have been carrying our household effects to our new home by hand. This is the last load. It is a light one, as you see, and with it we brought our little boy."

"You all appear to be wet to the skin. Have you been out in the rain for any length of time?"

"Indeed we have, sir; we walked from the Highlands."

"What! with this child?"

"We did, sir."

"Why didn't you take a horse car?"

Pulling an old leather purse from his pocket he opened it, and, taking out five coppers, he said: "This, sir, is every penny I have in the world. I thought if we could walk to this point we might secure a ride from some kind-hearted conductor for the balance of our journey. My wife and I would walk, we are strong and able, but the child can not go any further in its bare feet," and the man stroked the hair of the little fellow and spoke encouragingly to him for doing as well as he had.

The newspaper man—for this was a reporter who had become interested in the group—had kept fumbling with two silver quarters, the only money he had, from the time he first saw those five copper pennies, but the longer he contemplated the poverty-stricken trio the greater became his impulse to share with them. Finally he passed one of the shining coins to the man.

"Take this, sir," said he; "I'll share what I have with you."

"God bless you, sir; God bless you," came from the grateful hearts of the happy couple. Just then the jingling of horse-car bells was heard approaching; the newspaper man helped the little family aboard, and bade them good night. When he turned his steps homeward he felt as happy as though he had got a big "scoop" on all the other papers.

A WISE DIPLOMAT.

A lady who is passing the summer in a farmhouse, relates how by a shrewd device she secured her morning nap, which had been seriously broken in upon by a noisy cockerel, who felt it at once a privilege and a duty shrill-voiced to hail the morn directly under her window. She remonstrated with her hostess in vain. That worthy dame slept on the other side of the house, and troubled herself little at the report of chanticleer's offensiveness; so that it became evident enough to the boarder that if anything was to be done she must do it herself.

She reflected; she devised a plan; she acted. She hunted up a small boy in the neighborhood, and for a small sum hired him to come early in the dewy morning and drive the clamorous cockerel round to the other side of the house. The result was that when the chanticleer's shrill clarion cheered the morn its notes

pierced into the vexed ears of the landlady instead of those of the boarder.

The result of this policy was most satisfactory. The small boy had been engaged for a week, but at the end of the third day the boarder smilingly paid him a week's wages and discharged him.

"Because," she said, "as we are going to eat the rooster for dinner to-morrow, I shall not need to make you come any longer."—*Boston Courier.*

FROM FREDERIKA BREMER.

"The finest-toned bell is always placed on the neck of the handsomest cow, and a story is told that one day a cow, having lost her ornament, became low-spirited and dejected, refused her food, and the owner feared she would die. Day after day passed in this manner, until it was observed there was one particular part of the meadow that she never quitted; the farmer went there, and, in a rut, discovered the treasure. No sooner did he fasten it round her neck than her whole manner changed; her eye was no longer dull, she mingled with the herd, ate freely, and soon recovered her former beauty. On the side of the mountains are the chalets of the peasants, who take up their summer abodes there, for the protection of their flocks. Around the fronts of these chalets is generally a rim of Scripture sentences, and on the roofs immense stones are thickly laid to prevent the boards being blown off by the frequent hurricanes.

"In some of the pastoral districts, the Alpine horn supplies the place of the vesper bell. At the setting sun, the cowherd, posted on the highest peak, pours forth the first four or five notes of the Psalm, "*Praise ye the Lord*"; they are re-echoed by the distant Alps, and all within hearing uncover their heads, bend their knees, and reverently repeat their evening prayer; the cattle are then penned up in the stalls, and the shepherds go to rest, under the watchful care of Him who never slumbers or sleeps."

ALEX-AND-HIER.

There was a chap who kept a store,
And though there might be grander,
He sold his goods to all who came,
And his name was *Alexander*.

He mixed his goods with cunning hand—
He was a skilful brander;
And, since his sugar half was sand,
They called him *Alex-Sander*.

He had his dear one, to her came,
Then lovingly he scanned her;
He asked her would she change her name,
Then a ring did *Alex-hand-her*.

"Oh, yes," she said, with smiling lip,
"If I can be commander!"

And so they framed a partnership
And called it *Alex-and-her*.

GIVING UP A CAREER.

"I'm goin' to be a soldier, ma, when I grow up," said Bobby, as he crawled into bed, "and fight in wars and battles."

"All right, Bobby; now go to sleep."

In the morning she shook him for the fourth time and said:

"Bobby, you must get up; the idea of a soldier lying in bed at this hour!"

"Well, ma," said Bobby, "I've changed my mind about being a soldier."—*New York Sun.*

It is a noble revenge to have the power of retaliation and not to use it.



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; SAMUEL E. SAWYER, Vice-President; REV. THOMAS TIMMINS, Secretary; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Treasurer.

Over five thousand eight hundred branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over four hundred thousand members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed, or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the President:

1st, Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2d, Copy of Band of Mercy Information.

3d, Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4th, Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5th, Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6th, For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations and teachers and Sunday school teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member, but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

PARENT AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY.

Any boy, girl, man or woman can come to our offices, sign the above "Band of Mercy" pledge, and receive a beautifully-tinted paper certificate that the signer is a "Life Member of the Parent American Band of Mercy," and a "Band of Mercy" member of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, all without cost, or can write us that they wish to join, and by enclosing a two-cent return postage stamp, have names added to the list, and receive a similar certificate by mail. Those who wish the badge and large card of membership, can obtain them at the office by paying ten cents, or have them sent by mail by sending us, in postage stamps or otherwise, twelve cents.

Many of the most eminent men and women not only of Massachusetts, but of the world, are members of the "Parent American Band."

Bands can obtain our membership certificates at ten cents a hundred.

THREE LITTLE MAIDS.

MRS. F. M. HOWARD.

Three little maids one summer's day,

Determined to take a ride

In quite a novel and curious way,

So they to the livery hied;

And thus to the livery clerk they spoke,

"Pray hasten, good man, and dress

That cute little donkey; to yonder cart

Let him be hitched with express."

The donkey was small, and thin, and gray,

With ears uncommonly long,

To which blue ribbons were tied, and his bray

Was also uncommonly strong.

And he winked one eye at the three little maids,

As they harnessed him up to the cart,

As if he would say, "I'll show you, my dears,

A trick or two, ere we part."

The three little maids jumped in, and away

They went in the grandest of style;

Laughing and chattering, full of glee;

But the donkey's head, meanwhile,

Was hung with a sober, solemn air,

As if he scorned such folly;

And he trotted along, in a meek-faced way,

In a settled melancholy.

They came to a bridge, which the legend bears,

"Five dollars fine," you know it.

The donkey raised his humble eyes,

And stood in a study before it.

"Get up! Get up!" the little maids cried,

But the donkey looked over his shoulder,

"When we get over this bridge, my dears,

We'll be quite a few minutes older."

In vain they chirruped and shook the lines;

He stood in deep meditation,

And pensively gazed at the notice there,

As if in all creation,

He never had seen a sight so queer,

And then he burst into a roar

Of donkeyish laughter, the like of which

He never had brayed before.

His feelings relieved, in a solemn trot

He ambled quite comfortable;

But in spite of all that the maids could do,

He took a bee line for the stable.

But just before they did reach the door,

He ran one wheel on a stump,

And tipped the three little maids in the road,

In one disconsolate lump.

Slowly and sadly the three walked home,

And each declared to the other,

"The next time we take a donkey ride,

We'd better invite our brother."

—The Young Crusader.

Citizen (to stranger)—"What are your politics, my friend?" Stranger—"I have no politics this year; I'm leader of a brass band."—*New York Sun*.

GOOD ADVICE ABOUT DOGS.

A good many people are bitten by dogs, when very few need be. In the first place people should not meddle with dogs who do not know them. Every now and then somebody startles a dog by laying a strange hand upon him, pokes him with a stick, or pushes with a foot, and is "bitten by a vicious dog."

Why not let the dog alone?

There are people with the bad habit of meddling with what does not concern them, and there are children who have been taught no better than to touch, if they can, whatever takes their fancy. These are the people bitten by dogs. *Not once in ten thousand times does a dog molest a person who minds his own business, no matter how crabbed the dog may be.*

If, however, you are bound to approach and touch a dog, do it properly. There is only one way. It is this: *Put out your hand easily and confidently to the dog, so that he may smell it. Put it to his nose.* If he sniffs at it, and wags his tail, or otherwise shows friendliness, then you may speak to him, and pat him on the head if you like, and perhaps use other familiarities. But if, when you offer your hand, the dog remains sullen and passive, the sooner you take your hand away the better. Never approach a strange dog with either timidity or menace. But, as we have said, *the best way is to let all strange dogs alone, and get any desired information about them from those who have the honor of their personal friendship.*

THE GIRL WHO HELPS MOTHER.

There is a girl I love to think of. She is the girl who helps mother. In her own home she is a blessed little saint and comforter. She takes unfinished tasks from the tired, stiff fingers, is a staff upon which the gray-haired, white-faced mother leans and is rested. She helps mother with the Spring sewing, with the week's mending, with a cheerful conversation and congenial companionship that some girls do not think worth wasting on "only mother." And when there comes a day when she must bend over the body of her mother, hands folded, disquiet merged in rest, *the girl who helped mother will find a benediction of peace upon her head and in her heart.*

[Would it not be a good plan to devote some time and attention to the humane education of these children in our public schools? Would it not be well to get them all into "Bands of Mercy?"—EDITOR.]

\$50,000 SET OF DIAMONDS.

If you must have a \$50,000 set of diamonds, paste will do just as well as the real thing, and you can buy that kind for a few dollars. *Nobody will know the difference.* A western lady made a big splurge at the eastern watering places with a \$50,000 set of diamonds that cost her only \$25. The snobs that admired her thought she must be a ten-millionaire's wife, and yet she was only a clerk's helpmeet, and helps in the store when she's at home.—*The American*.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, October, 1888.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk street.

The Branches of Our Mass. Society's Parent Band of Mercy have now reached number 6178.

NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE.

The New Orleans *Picayune* speaking of the work of our Mass. Society, says:

Of all the work done by this Society, perhaps the best was the establishment of the Missionary Fund, which is to scatter the seeds of mercy broadcast over our land, hoping and trusting that everywhere there will spring up societies to protect the creatures that suffer and are dumb."

What is the difference between our Missionary and General Fund? Answer: Our Missionary Fund is used in propagating our work outside the State of Massachusetts, our General Fund in propagating the work in our own State.

THIRTY THOUSAND TEACHERS.

With the aid of our Missionary Fund we have been able to contract with the New England Publication Company, at a considerable discount from their ordinary rates, to send during the present month copies of our humane publications to about thirty thousand teachers in the United States and Territories, and we add that our power to send humane education into American schools and homes depends on the amount of our Missionary Fund, and every contribution, great or small, helps. We could use fifty thousand dollars profitably if we had it. GEO. T. ANGELL.

EIGHT THOUSAND EDITORS.

With the aid of our Missionary Fund, we send this paper to nearly eight thousand newspapers and magazines, including all in the Southern States and all west of the Mississippi River. We have reason to believe that seven-eighths, and perhaps a much larger proportion of our papers, so sent, are read by editors or their wives and children. We are constantly finding in our exchanges, articles we have printed and editorials, showing the writers are becoming interested and in their turn interesting their readers. If our missionary fund gets large enough, we intend to send "Our Dumb Animals" every month to every newspaper in America, believing we shall thereby reach and move the men and women who can move the nation, and influence the world. GEO. T. ANGELL.

INTELLECT has been called the starlight of the brain. Religion is the starlight of the soul.—*Ruskin.*

FIFTEEN HUNDRED VOLUMES.

We have been glad with the aid of our *Missionary Fund* to have fifteen hundred volumes of "*Our Dumb Animals*" elegantly bound, for use in public and school reading-rooms and libraries. Of course fifteen hundred volumes will not supply everybody, and we must select the places where most good will be likely to be done. *We do not wish to sell them for private libraries at any price.* And we do not think it wise to *both give them away and pay postage*, because where no one is sufficiently interested to pay the postage we fear the volume would not have proper care. But all persons wishing to put a volume in some public or school reading-room or library are invited to write us, stating the case and enclosing 17 cents to pay postage, and they will receive the volume, or the postage will be returned.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

TO EVERY PROTESTANT AND ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGYMAN IN MASSACHUSETTS.

We send this paper to every Massachusetts Protestant and Roman Catholic Clergyman and enclose in it as a supplement the "Nashville Address."

Why?

Because they contain just the information any clergyman will need to prepare a sermon on the protection of *God's dumb creatures*, and the humane education of his creatures that are not dumb.

If our *Missionary Fund* were large enough we would gladly send these documents *outside our State to every Protestant and Roman Catholic Clergyman in America.*

TO EVERY MASSACHUSETTS LAWYER.

We send this paper to every lawyer in the State. Why?

(1.) Because in this way we reach not only all our judges and magistrates, but a large and most influential body of men *who make and change our laws.*

(2.) Because in a very large number of cases lawyers are consulted by their clients in regard to public charities *they wish to remember in their wills*, and we want the lawyers of Massachusetts to know and appreciate the great work we are doing—and the *greater work we are trying to do* both for the protection of dumb animals, and the humane education of children.

AMERICAN HUMANE ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of this association is to be held this year at Toronto, Canada, on October 17th, 18th and 19th. Every state, county, city or town society for the prevention of *cruelty to children, or to animals or both*, is entitled to nine *voting* delegates, and we are sure that our friends in Toronto would be glad to welcome ten times that number.

THE PRESENT HENRY BERGH OF NEW YORK.

It is of interest to know something of the man who is now the President of the wealthiest society of our kind in America, *and we believe in the world.* On a recent visit to New York we spent several hours with Mr. Bergh, and are glad to believe that the work founded by his distinguished uncle will not be permitted under his administration to slacken.

We regret that the immense pressure of police duties upon both the New York societies, P. C. A. and P. C. C., seem at present to render it impracticable for them to attempt the wide educational work of our Massachusetts Society, but are glad to know that Mr. Bergh as well as Mr. Jenkins of the Children's Society whom we also had the pleasure of meeting appreciate its importance. Mr. Bergh has our kindest wishes and hopes for a long and happy life as brilliant in good deeds and influences as that of his distinguished uncle.

THE DOCKING OF HORSES.

It is a barbarous and cruel operation, in clear violation of the laws of Massachusetts, and may be punished by \$250 fine and a year's imprisonment in jail. Any man who violates this law is a criminal, and any man who aids is a particeps criminis. The cruelty is not only in the operation, *but, as the tail never can grow, the horse through life thereafter has no protection from flies, mosquitoes and other insects that torment.* We have obtained in Massachusetts courts already three convictions, and I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, \$50 for evidence which shall enable us to convict of this cruel and barbarous practice.

GEORGE T. ANGELL,
President Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

COLORADO.

The first annual report of the Colorado Humane Society at Denver—Charles H. Smith, President; E. K. Whitehead, Secretary, shows receipts \$942.02 and 316 cases of cruelty to humans and animals dealt with. A good beginning.

NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE.

We are reading in the *Picayune* with much interest, the letters of our friend Mrs. Schaller from England and the Continent, in regard to the treatment of animals.

THE HUMANE JOURNAL.

We find in Brother Landon's "*Humane Journal*" a very good suggestion that water may be carried over hills by pipes laid on the surface of the ground, *on the principle of the Siphon.* To which we would add that it is important to use *the right kind of pipe.* We do not know the effect on water of running through *rubber pipe* as suggested by the article, but were told by the President of our State Agricultural College some years since that when he attempted to supply his artificial fish pond with water running through *galvanized iron pipes*, it killed the fish, and he was compelled to change the pipes.

AT THE DOOR.

A hand tapped at my door, low down, low down,
I opened it and saw two eyes of brown,
Two lips of cherry red,
A little curly head,
A bonny, fairy sprite, in dress of white,
Who said, with lifted face, "Papa, good night."
She climbed upon my knee, and kneeling there,
Lisped softly, solemnly, her little prayer;
Her meeting finger tips,
Her pure, sweet baby lips.
Carried my soul with hers, half unaware,
Into some clearer and diviner air.
I tried to lift again, but all in vain,
Of scientific thought the subtle chain;
So small, so small,
My learning all;
Though I could call each star and tell its place,
My child's "Our Father" bridged the gulf of space.

I sat with folded hands at rest, at rest,
Turning this solemn thought within my breast:
How faith would fade
If God had made

No children in this world—no baby age—
Only the prudent man or thoughtful sage.

Only the woman wise, no little arms
To clasp around our neck; no baby charms,
No loving care,
No sinless prayer,
No thrill of lisping song, no pattering feet,
No infant heart against our heart to beat.

Then if a tiny hand, low down,
Tap at the heart or door, ah! do not frown:
Bend low to meet
The little feet,

To clasp the clinging hand; the child will be
Nearer heaven than thee—nearer than thee.
—Lillie E. Barr.

HOW OUR READERS, OLD AND YOUNG, CAN MAKE MONEY.

We offer to all who secure *four or more annual fifty cent subscriptions to this paper one-half the money.* Every boy or girl who gets four makes a dollar—if forty, ten dollars—if four hundred, one hundred dollars. A Boston boy has just sent in eighteen subscriptions and receives for them four dollars and fifty cents. He is going to get a musical education, and is going to pay for it by getting subscriptions for "Our Dumb Animals." Thousands of other boys and girls can do the same. *We want a million subscribers, and do not want to make a single penny out of the subscriptions. We will send sample copies to all who wish to canvass.* On receipt at this office in money, or post-office orders, or express orders, or postage stamps, or checks on Boston or New York, of the four or more half subscriptions, we will send the paper as ordered for one year. We hope that some man, woman or child in every town, not only in Massachusetts but in America, will, in the interest of the dumb animals whom we are trying to protect, engage in this work.

We believe there is no better way to wake up public sentiment on this subject in any city or town, North, South, East or West, than to get the best and most influential people to subscribe for, read, and circulate this paper.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WHY NOT PRAISE?

When a girl or boy does a piece of work well, why not encourage them with honest praise? Appreciation and judicious praise will go farther toward inspiring them to do their work well than all the cross words in Webster's dictionary.

A COUNTER-IRRITANT—a woman who prices everything and buys nothing.

When the most insignificant man tells us we are in error, we should listen and examine, and see if it is so. To believe it possible we may be in error is the first step toward getting out of it.



PERCY FEEDING THE OXEN.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

PERCY AND THE OXEN.

Summer came, and the city streets were dry, dusty, and noisy, and the bricks made everybody's eyes ache.

So mamma took little Percy, who was only three years old, and the rosy, fat baby, and went in the steam cars to the green, fresh country.

One day Aunt Hannah was giving her nephews and nieces a nice dinner, and they all sat at the table a long time talking and laughing, when all at once mamma said, "Where's Percy?" and sprang up and ran to the side-door, which opened on to the green.

No Percy was there; so all began to hunt.

There was a high state of flutter when mamma came to the open dining-room door and said, "Come with me."

She was so smiling that every one knew that Percy was found, and a row of tall people and short, headed by mamma and Aunt Hannah, streamed out across the road. There mamma stopped us and told us to go softly and look in at one of the barn-windows.

There was a load of hay piled on a wide hay-cart—two big oxen yoked to it standing in the middle of the barn-floor, with their two great heads held down very low—and in front of them was little Percy holding a little pail of berries in one hand and with the other holding out berries to the oxen, as they put their great mouths down to be fed.

C. D.

HORSE SENSE.

F. W. Ames, of Mayville, North Dakota, owns a horse that will never permit the teamster who drives him to come near his head with breath smelling of liquor. When his breath does not smell of liquor the horse makes no objection. The teamster is compelled to keep sober, or keep a respectful distance from that total abstinence horse. If horses could vote, there wouldn't be a liquor saloon in North Dakota.

A GOOD SHOT.

A few years ago, the Legislature of Connecticut was discussing a woman suffrage bill. A member arose and denounced the bill, and added, "I don't propose to make a man out of my wife." Another replied, "The gentleman doesn't propose to make a man out of his wife. It would be a blessing for the country if his wife could make a man out of him!" The House went wild, and for the time business was suspended.—*Ithacan*, Ithaca, N. Y.

A HERO OF THE LEVER.

The disaster on the Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad of Thursday was terrible enough, but its horrors would have been aggravated, but for the cool courage and quick good judgment of Mr. Little, the engineer of the ill-fated train. "Our train," says Bishop Whipple, one of the passengers, "was going at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, so the train men said, and the courage of the engineer cannot be praised too highly. He staid with the engine, and I have never known an air-brake to be set so quickly and strongly as that one was." Mr. Potter, another passenger, gives a more detailed account of the engineer's services to those whose lives were intrusted to his hands:

"The engineer, who displayed marvelous coolness and courage, came among us with head and face crimson with blood, and told us how it happened. He was whirling around the curve, and the position of the side-tracked freight obscured the switch signal, but he was on the lookout, and the instant it appeared he saw death and destruction ahead. He had less than a train's length to go, and was making forty-five miles an hour, but he applied the full power of the air-brake and reversed his engine, and before he could remove his hand from the lever, his mighty machine was plowing the earth, and the cars were piling upon each other. It is wonderful that the engineer and fireman escaped with their lives. But for his lightning-like celerity in applying the brakes, the whole train would have been frightfully wrecked, and the loss of life much greater.

In what are thoughtlessly called the "good old times," which, compared with the present, were very bad old times for the most part, the praise of courage and honor used to be monopolized by men who occupied themselves in the business of killing people. But a new era has now arrived where the heroes are men who show themselves ready to die for others, and who, in their ordinary pursuits, are so habituated to the thought of self-sacrifice that, when the emergency comes, they meet it with courage and judgment. All honor to the heroes of the lever.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

TORONTO HUMANE SOCIETY.

The Toronto Humane Society has published a paper bound volume of 231 pages, with 112 illustrative pictures of various forms of cruelty and kindness to children and animals. It is edited by J. George Hodgins, M.A., LL.D., a Vice-President of the Society, and is entitled, "*The Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.*" Eighty pages are devoted to children, the rest to animals and the general subjects of kindness and cruelty. It is a carefully prepared and most interesting compilation of thought and information upon the above subjects, and contains, with others, many gems of humane literature which have appeared in "*Our Dumb Animals.*" It is a book very suitable for reading rooms and libraries. It costs 25 cents in Toronto, to which must be added 10 cents for postage, and possibly something for custom-house duties. For further particulars and wholesale prices, write J. J. Kelso, Secretary, Toronto Humane Society, P. O. Box 2654. To accommodate friends in the United States we have ordered fifty copies, which will cost at our offices 25 cents each, or sent by mail, 35 cents. When the fifty copies are exhausted we shall order more. The book ought to do a great deal of good not only in Toronto but elsewhere.

"CLEAR THE WAY."

The city lies in hushed repose,
The wintry night wind freshly blows,
As if to rock the cradle host
In slumber's sweet oblivion lost.
But hark! a sound, and lo! a sight
That wakes the town in the dead of night.

A shriek and a glare,
A cry of despair
At the flames in their ire,
For the one word is "Fire!"
The people rush out,
And, with hurry and shout,
Press on to the light
As it brightens the night,

And spreads like a banner unfurled up on high,
A sigh and a terror against the dark sky!
But hark to the clatter, than music more sweet,
Of the rolling wheels and the horses' feet!

"Out of the way—out of the way!"
They come to save; now clear the way!"

A sea of faces upward turned,
One fear by every heart inured,
By ruddy light is clearly read
On every brow the anxious dread.
A mother 'mid the bright light stands,
Her neck tight clasped by baby hands,

And through roar and hiss,
Not quite they miss
Her piteous frenzied cry;
But mounting quick on high
A hero springs,
His helm a star
Of hope, that flings
A halo far
'Mid the lurid light,

For a moment lost, then dimly seen
As it gleams on the sight,

The curling wreath of smoke between!
Up the ladder one rushed, but three come down,
And the shining helm is a hero's crown!
Yet heeds not he what people say,
He only bids them "clear the way!"

—Chamber's Journal.

There is a little girl in New York whose commercial interests are so precocious that she rents furnished rooms in her doll's house to her sisters for a fixed number of caramels each week.

"DAN."

THE TAMED EAGLE.

BY GEO. H. SARGENT.

On a ranch away out in Western Nebraska, where the North Platte rolls its turbid waters down through a rich valley with the land on either hand rising until it gradually merges into a series of low sand-hills, some years ago, a party of herdsmen caught a young eagle which was unable to fly. Its mother had been killed, so they took it home to their cabin, and kept it in a cage.

There was a boy named Charley on this ranch who asked his father to let him keep the eagle. His father finally did so, and Charlie took great pleasure in caring for his new pet, naming him Dan. After awhile Dan became so tame that the boy no longer kept him in the cage, but had a small collar put around one leg and fastened him by a small chain to a post.

For a long time Dan chafed and fretted under his confinement, and refused to eat, but finally came to the conclusion that his captivity was to be permanent, and began to make the best of his situation. As he grew less uneasy under restraint, the boy allowed him a longer chain, until finally Dan had quite an extensive range in front of the cabin.

Dan soon learned to come at the call of his name, and would eat from Charlie's hand. He would follow the boy as far as his chain would permit when Charlie went away anywhere, and on his return Dan would be waiting on the edge of his circular range to welcome his master back.

Sometimes Charlie would lie down in front of the cabin and pretend to be asleep, and Dan would come over very cautiously and pull Charlie's watch from his vest pocket, and when the boy jumped up and said, "Give it up, you thief," Dan would stand on one leg and hold out the watch in one claw, hanging down his head and looking very guilty.

One summer day all the men had gone away from the ranch, and Charlie was left alone with Dan. He did not mind this, however, and lay down in the warm sunlight in front of the cabin, and was soon fast asleep.

While sleeping a large rattlesnake crawled through the tufts of prairie grass towards the sleeping boy. Dan saw it and made a rush for the intruder, and struck the serpent with both claws. The noise awakened Charlie, who recognised the danger, and sprang outside the circle.

The snake coiled itself round Dan's body, and strove to strike him with its fangs, but Dan seizing the rattlesnake in his talons tore it with his strong beak, and in a few moments killed it.

Charlie has grown to manhood now, and only goes to Nebraska occasionally for pleasure; but in his elegant New York home, over the door of one of the parlors, there is a large stuffed specimen of an American eagle with a rattlesnake in its claws.—*Good Cheer.*

FANNY, THE COLT.

Little Fanny was motherless, having been discovered in an open field beside her dead mother.

Before she was a year old she could open the door to her own room and go to bed alone. She did not quite understand the fastenings from the inside and had to be let out in the morning.

The children, there were six, thought her a most wonderful baby and claimed her as their own. The boys had taught her to take off their

caps with her teeth, shake hands with her feet and do many other cute things.

But when she was four years old she had to work, for Fanny was only a horse, after all. Never was she driven except by one of the family and she really acted as if she liked to go. When the buggy was drawn out she would give a little pleased whinny and step daintily about as if impatient to be off. And when once on the road disliked, of all things, to take the dust from another vehicle. The children were a croupy set and a physician was often called, Fanny being the horse to be ridden every time; and so well had she learned what was wanting if a saddle was placed hastily upon her back, she only waited for a rider, and without a hint from the rein, bounded off in the direction of the doctor's office; returning, she jogged leisurely home.

It was a sad day for the family when one morning no glad whinny greeted the one who went to feed her. She had been stolen.

Two other horses had been taken from a neighbor at the same time, and he bemoaned them as so much money lost. But the joint owners of Fanny grieved as if a friend were dead; to her it might be even worse than death. "For how could the taker be otherwise than cruel?" they asked.

A thorough search was made but no clue obtained, and the horses were given up as lost. The older children strove to be brave, but the younger ones could not keep back the tears when speaking of "poor Fanny," and the mother was shocked one evening to hear four-year-old Bessie add to her infant prayer: "*And please, God, send Fanny back.*"

She kissed the child tenderly and whispered: "If we cannot have Fanny we will have another horse to take her place, my dear." "But it wouldn't be *her*, mamma! I want just Fanny," and she laid her face in mamma's lap and sobbed, as she had done many times since the loss.

A few days later, as the family were at breakfast, Nora, the girl, rushed into the room, exclaiming: "*If ye please, mum, Fanny's in the stable, or else 'tis her ghost, sure!* I went to find the clothes-pins lost last night, and as I went a-near the barn I hearn a whin-now as like hern as two pasc, and"—but before she had concluded every seat was empty and all had hurried to the barn.

The stable door was opened, and forth stepped Fanny to be hugged and kissed as never before.

She still wore her halter, from which a broken strap dangled, showing how she had released herself, and, once free, her presence in her own stall was no mystery.

An officer was duly notified, and taking her tracks he went about five miles along the beach of the lake, where, in a bluff overhanging a ravine, he found a sort of cave where the two other horses were still tied.

Fanny had broken her halter, opened the wide door, that swung in, pushed her way through the brush piled against it and hurried home to her own stable.

The horses must have been taken to their hiding place by being led along the water's edge to conceal their tracks and their food conveyed to them by boat.

The thief was not caught, more is the pity. Evidently seeing the signs of Fanny's escape he was only too glad to escape himself. The owner of the two horses suggested that Fanny ought to have a medal, but upon being shown a lump of sugar she uttered a decided neigh and then munched her sugar in silence.—*Colman's Rural World.*

COALS OF FIRE.

BY FLORENCE H. HALLOWELL.

Let every boy read this interesting story kindly loaned us with the illustrative cuts by that beautiful paper "Golden Days," of Philadelphia.

It was a bright day in the latter part of June. School had closed for the summer. Harry Sargent and three of his most intimate friends had been playing quoits half the morning, and were beginning to desire some other form of amusement, when suddenly Harry, who had strolled to the front gate, uttered an exclamation.

"There comes the hermit," he said, "his yellow dog at his heels, as usual."

"It would be an act of mercy to put an end to that dog," said Rufe Harlow. "He's a blot on the face of the earth."

"Suppose we each take a quoit and have a shot at him as he goes by," said Dave Manly.

"Good! We'll make him use those three legs of his faster than he ever did before," said Jack Pettitt.

And each boy seized a quoit, and approaching the gate, waited the coming of the intended victim.

He was a sorry-looking dog, there was no denying that. His ears had been cut close, he had a bob tail, he had lost one eye, his hair was rough, and he limped along on three legs.

But he was a fit follower to his master, a bent, hollow-cheeked old man, with long gray hair, sunken eyes and a shambling walk. His clothes were patched and faded, his old felt hat was torn and weather-stained, and the stick on which he leaned was only a stout hickory sapling cut with his own hands.

No one knew the old man's name, and as he lived alone on an island, from which he reached the town by a canoe of his own manufacture, he was known as "the hermit." What his history was, or what was the cause of his leading so isolated an existence, no one knew, and no one had cared to inquire.

When he came to town, however, he afforded a great deal of sport to the boys, who considered him fair game, and a crowd generally followed him wherever he went. But he seldom took any notice of the persecution to which he was subjected, and never replied to any of the rude questions addressed to him.

He did not glance up as he reached the gate over which the four boys hung, but he stopped short and turned around when a sharp yelp told him that the humble companion of his fortunes was in trouble.

Harry's quoit had hit the animal in the side, and as the hermit turned, Rufe Harlow raised his arm and sent a still heavier quoit directly at the dog's head.

He fell as if shot, kicked a moment, and then lay still.

"I do believe I've killed the miserable little beast," said Rufe, a little contrite, but ashamed to show it.

"Yes, you have killed him," said the old man, as he bent over the dead dog, "and it was a cruel thing to do. Neither he nor I ever injured you in any way, and he was the only friend I had in the world."

Rufe gave a short, derisive laugh.

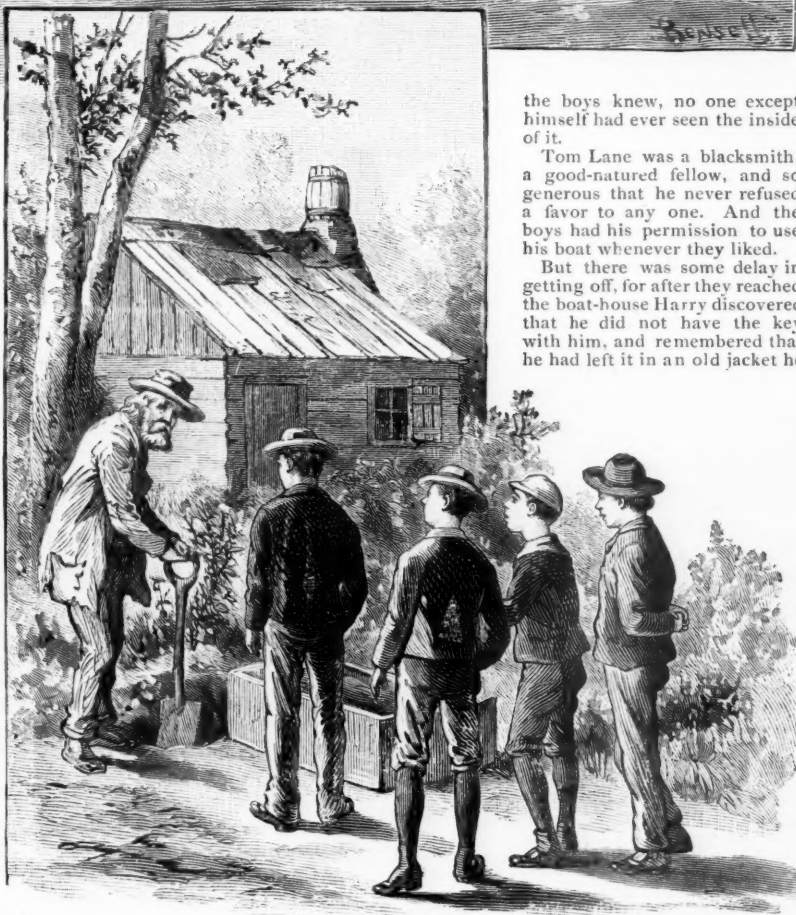
"He wasn't any account; he was only a cur," he said.

The hermit made no reply, but lifting the dead dog in his arms, walked away, watched by the boys until he disappeared around the corner of the next street.

"I didn't really mean to kill the dog," said



AS THE HERMIT TURNED, RUFÉ HARLOW SENT A STILL HEAVIER QUOIT DIRECTLY AT THE DOG'S HEAD.



the boys knew, no one except himself had ever seen the inside of it.

Tom Lane was a blacksmith, a good-natured fellow, and so generous that he never refused a favor to any one. And the boys had his permission to use his boat whenever they liked.

But there was some delay in getting off, for after they reached the boat-house Harry discovered that he did not have the key with him, and remembered that he had left it in an old jacket he

Rufe. "I just wanted to make him howl a little."

"Well, he'll never howl again," said Dave Manly. "You can be sure of that."

"I say boys," struck in Jack Pettitt, "now the hermit is off the island, let's take Tom Lane's boat, and go over there and have a look at the place. We'll have time to go and get back again before he leaves town."

The boys assented eagerly to this proposal, for the hermit so seldom left the island, and guarded his little cabin so closely, that, as far as

had hung in his father's barn, and he had to go after it. So it was nearly eleven o'clock when the boat was finally launched.

"I dare say that old cabin is full of curiosities," said Dave.

"We'll investigate everything, now we've got the chance," said Jack. "We're not likely to have another."

The island was about a mile distant, and was soon reached and the rope of the boat fastened to a stone.

"There's a bare chance that the old man may

have got back," said Harry, as they pushed their way through the thick underbrush in the direction of the hut; "so we had better make as little noise as possible."

This was a wise precaution, for when within a dozen yards of the cabin they heard the sound of voices, and hiding behind a thick belt of hazel-nut bushes, they saw the hermit go down the path leading to the water, followed by a young Indian named Inkna, who lived on another island two miles distant.

"I didn't know before that Inkna ever came to see the hermit," said Rufe, in a whisper.

"Hush! let's listen," Harry whispered back.

"You can keep it a week, if you like," they heard the hermit say. "I won't have any need for it."

The Indian made some inarticulate response, and the two men disappeared down the slope that led to the water.

"How provoking?" said Jack. "What made him come home so soon? Well, we'll have to give up seeing the inside of that cabin for today, and the sooner we get off the better, if we want any dinner."

It was easier to talk of leaving than to do so. A startling discovery was made when the boys reached the place where they had disembarked. The boat was gone. Half a mile distant it was drifting on the waves, every moment taking it further from the island.

The boys looked at each other in the greatest consternation.

"Well, we *are* in a fix!" exclaimed Rufe.

"What are we to do now?"

That was the question, and they all sat down to consider it. No one in town knew that they had gone to the island, or had seen them take the boat.

Unless Tom Lane missed it, they could not expect help from home, and sometimes Tom did not go to his boat-house for days together.

"There seems nothing for it but to ask the hermit for his canoe," said Harry, at last.

"I was thinking of that," said Jack. "But I can't say I take very kindly to the notion. It'll be eating humble pie with a vengeance."

"And he's more than likely to shut his door in our faces and warn us off with a shot-gun," said Dave.

"We *must* ask him; there's no help for it," said Harry. "And the sooner it's done the better. I won't blame him a bit if he acts ugly, for we did treat him mean about the dog, and we can't deny it."

"I wish now I'd let the little beast alone," said Rufe.

After a good deal of talk and argument, it was finally decided that they should go to the cabin in a body.

To say that they were embarrassed by the situation in which they found themselves but faintly expresses their feelings, and their embarrassment was increased a hundred fold when they reached the little cabin, and found the hermit engaged in digging a grave under a wild rose-bush, the dead dog lying in a box close by.

Harry, who had promised to do all the talking felt a big lump in his throat, and wished he had never taken any part in the persecution of the poor old man, to whom life at its best must be hard. But he began at once the little speech he had prepared.

"Our boat has drifted away, sir, and we have come to ask if you will lend us your canoe that we may go after it?"

The hermit paused in his work and looked up. There was neither anger nor malice in that look, as the boys saw at once, and they felt more ashamed of themselves than ever.

"I am sorry," he said, "but I let Inkna have my canoe half an hour ago, and I do not know when he will bring it back."

Dismay, blank dismay, settled on the faces of the young people standing about him.

"What *are* we to do?" exclaimed Jack, dismally.

"Oh, your folks will be sending for you, I guess," said the hermit.

"But they don't know where we are," said Harry.

And then he explained how they had left home.

"Then there's nothing for you to do but stay

here till some one comes along," said the hermit. "You needn't starve. I haven't got anything very fine in the way of eating, but, such as it is, you're welcome to it."

The boys glanced at each other. Shame and contrition was plainly written on every face.

For a moment there was silence, and then Rufe stepped forward and laid his hand on the old man's arm.

"We don't deserve to have you so kind to us, sir," he said, in a voice that choked a little, "and I'm awful sorry I threw that quoit at your dog. But I didn't mean to kill him. I just thought I'd make him yelp a little."

"Well, well, we won't say any more about it, my boy," and the hermit began to ply his spade again. "You won't do such a thing again, I know."

"That I won't! and you must let me dig this grave; I'm stronger than you are."

And Rufe took the spade from the old man's hands.

When the dog was buried, they all went into the cabin and had dinner. It consisted of only potatoes and bacon, but the boys were hungry enough to eat anything, and thoroughly enjoyed it.

Then the hermit showed them his curiosities, and presented each boy with some little testimonial of his friendship. In fact, he seemed to be trying his best, as Harry said, to heap coals of fire on their heads.

That night they all slept on the floor of the hut, on a heap of dried grass, covered with two old blankets, but not a word of complaint did they utter, and they were sharp set the next morning for their breakfast of corn-dodgers and bacon.

After breakfast they went fishing, and, when they returned to the cabin at noon, found Rufe's father and Harry's big brother talking to the hermit.

"Never do you go away again without saying where you are going," said Mr. Harlow, when greetings had been exchanged. "We have had a night of terrible anxiety."

"We've had the grandest kind of a time," said Rufe. "We're coming over here every week after this, if the hermit will let us."

The old man smiled.

"I feel as if once more I had some friends," he said.

And good friends they proved. Often did they visit the island, and never did they go empty-handed.

Rufe made good the loss of the yellow dog by the gift of a fine Newfoundland puppy; Harry's mother sent a present of new blankets; Dave's father sent a suit of clothes, and Jack's big sister never made cake on Saturday that she did not bake an extra loaf to give to the lonely old man who had been so kind to her dearly-loved brother. In fact, in obeying the generous and kindly impulses of his heart, and heaping coals of fire on the heads of his youthful persecutors, the poor old hermit had "built better than he knew."

HOW TO SAVE BOYS.

Open your blinds by day and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon your walls. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demons of dullness and apathy, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass boyhood and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions depends on you. With exertion and right means, a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.—*Appleton's Journal*.

EARLY PROHIBITION IN NEW YORK.

At the annual meeting of "the American Social Science Association," which we had the pleasure of recently attending at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., the following was read by the Rev. Henry R. Traver, of Saratoga, from "Documentary History of New York," vol. 2, page 592. The occasion described being a Council held at Albany, July 5th, 1754, by the chiefs of "the Five Nations," the Commissioners from Massachusetts Bay, Connecticut and Virginia, and the Governor and officials of New York.

Extract from address of "the Chiefs of the Five Nations":

Brethren—There is an affair about which our hearts tremble, and our minds are deeply concerned. This is the selling of rum in our castles. It destroys many, both of our old and young people. We request of all the Governments here present that it may be forbidden to carry any of it among the "Five Nations."

Brethren—We are in great fears that it may cause murder on both sides. The Cayugas here present now declare in their own name, that they will not allow any rum to be brought up their river, and those who do must take the consequences.

Brethren—We, the Mohawks, of both castles, have also one request to make which is, that the people who are settled round about us may not be suffered to sell our people rum. It keeps them poor,—makes them idle and wicked, and if they have any money or goods they lay it all out for rum. It destroys virtue and the progress of religion among us. We have a friendly request to make to the Governor that he will help us to build a chapel at Canojohery, and that we may have a bell in it, which together with the putting a stop to the sale of rum, will make us religious and lead better lives."—*Documentary History of N. Y., vol. 2: page 592.*

[We are glad to send the above through our columns to about eight thousand editors in the United States. William Penn had no trouble with the Indians. How many Indian wars might have been prevented by the prohibition of the sale of rum to the Indians.—EDITOR.]

BELLS.

In monkish mediæval times, church-bells enjoyed peculiar esteem. They were treated in a great measure as voices, and were inscribed with Latin ejaculations and prayers, such as—Hail Mary, full of grace, pray for us; St. Peter, pray for us; St. Paul, pray for us; St. Katherine, pray for us; Jesus of Nazareth, have mercy upon us. Their tones, swung out into the air, would ecstatically appear to give utterance to the supplication with which they were inscribed.

In those olden times, pious queens and gentlewomen threw into the mass of metal that was to be cast into a bell their gold and silver ornaments; and a feeling of reverence for the interceding voices was common to gentle and simple. They were sometimes cast in monasteries under the superintendence of ecclesiastics of rank.

OLDEST CHIME OF BELLS.

The oldest chime of bells in America is the chime of eight on Christ church, Salem street, Boston. They were brought from England in 1744.

HYDROPHOBIA CAUSED BY FRIGHT.

Report to and Discussion by the Pennsylvania State Medical Association.

The principal event in the convention of the State Medical Association was the discussion over the existence of hydrophobia. The debate was interesting and valuable, all agreed that the public were unnecessarily scared over hydrophobia; that even alleged cases were of great rarity, and that in the majority of cases in which death resulted from a dog's bite, hydrophobia was not the cause of death. All the popular symptoms of hydrophobia were shown to be common to many forms of convulsions tetanic and convulsions resulting from hysteria.

Dr. C. W. Dulles, who had been appointed by the society to investigate hydrophobia, read his report for the year. *Pasteur's methods*, he said, were not attracting the same attention they did a year or so ago, and are in a fair way to die out. *Pasteur* had only treated 300 cases the previous year, he said, where he had formerly treated 300 a month. *Pasteur's method* had no effect in decreasing the mortality of those who fall into terror over hydrophobia. *Pasteur* knew nothing of hydrophobia. In the last year there had been fifteen cases in this country of alleged hydrophobia. He specified several cases, one being the case of a man who dreamed he died of hydrophobia, and on awakening was taken with convulsions through fright and died.

"The fear is worse than the bite," said Dr. Dulles, "for not one of the animals in the cases mentioned gave evidence that they had rabies. The living in dread of death from hydrophobia is often the cause of death. Too often the diagnosis of the case is made by the laity and confirmed by the doctor. There is nothing more senseless, more cruel, more calculated to cause death than the senseless test of water." Dr. Dulles spoke of the exaggeration of forcible restraint supposed to be necessary in hydrophobia cases, and denounced the use of narcotics. "Hydrophobia is a misnomer," he said, "and is not a specific inoculable disease. I do not deny people fall into a certain state after being bitten by a mad dog, but I do deny that the state is produced by canine virus. Fright and other factors throw the patient into a 'condition,' not into a disease. Wherever there is little talk there is little disease. *Hydrophobia was unknown in Pennsylvania this last year, and belief in it will follow the fate of the belief in witchcraft.*"

Dr. Traill Green, who is almost 80 years old, made a strong speech, treating hydrophobia as a myth. "This state is not so prevalent as people believe," he said. "Mad dogs are rare, very rare. In all my experience I have never had a case, and those I heard of and inquired into turned out to be humbugs. I want to see the people delivered from this scare. It's a wonder we live at all; we're so afraid of everything. People die of the fright, and it is a doctor's business to keep his patients from being scared."

Dr. Rahter, of Harrisburg, gave the case of a young girl, which he considered a real case of hydrophobia. Dr. C. K. Mills said the so-called hydrophobia symptoms could be explained in other ways as a resultant from other diseases. The convulsions might result from the tearing by a sharp instrument, and would be of the nature of lockjaw. He said: "We ought to do all we can to relieve the public of fear." Dr. Frank Woodbury said he considered it a settled thing that hydrophobia and rabies did exist, but that they were rare diseases. *Most people die of fright, he said, especially young women.*

Dr. Green said that Dr. Dulles was doing a good work. "The fear is broadcast," he said, "in every one's mind. Even councils show their fear by passing ordinances to muzzle dogs in the summer time when there are fewer cases of alleged rabies than at any other time. I don't want the people to be scared, and I say such action is nonsense."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Dark stables are injurious to the health of the stock.

A SUCCESSFUL ENGLISH SCHEME.

The Home of Rest for Horses is a successful English scheme. The chief object is to give temporary rest to the horses of cab-drivers and poor traders, who in most cases are obliged to keep their beasts at work until past help, when a timely holiday would restore the poor creatures. Every comfort and convenience is at hand to make life pleasant and easy to the old horses. Summer and winter boxes, large and airy, warm flannels, regular and plentiful meals, an extensive stable-yard for winter exercise, and a splendid grass run is at their disposal, and if anything ails, the veterinary surgeon comes with his skill to their aid.



IN A MINUTE.

[For Our Dumb Animals.] "IN A MINUTE."

If you asked Dora D. to do anything, she would reply, "In a minute." It was a bad habit she had. "Dora, please bring me a drink of water."—"In a minute."—"Dora, go up stairs, and bring me down my comb."—"Yes, mother, in a minute."—"Dora, come to your dinner."—"In a minute."

One day Dora's bird was hopping about on the floor. Somebody went out, leaving the door open, just as "somebody" is always doing. Dora's mother said, "Dora, shut the door, or the cat will be after your bird."

"Yes, mother, in a minute," said Dora, "I just want to finish this line in my drawing." But the cat did not wait. In he came, and with one dart had the bird in his mouth.

Down went the slate on the floor, and away went cat, bird, and Dora. There was a wild chase on the lawn. "In a minute" Dora came back weeping, with the dead bird in her hand.

Dora cried—Mamma was sad, but said, "A great many things may happen in a minute."

Dora has never forgotten that lesson and never will.

DORA.

SENSE OF SMELL IN A HORSE.

The horse will leave musty hay untouched in his bin, however hungry. He will not drink of water objectionable to his questioning sniffs, or from a bucket which some odor makes offensive, however thirsty. His intelligent nostril will widen, quiver and query over the daintiest bit, offered by the fairest of hands, with coaxings that would make a mortal shut his eyes and swallow a nauseous mouthful at a gulp.—*Prairie Farmer.*

The new chief justice has eight daughters. How judiciously appropriate. His home in Washington will be a court house.

MY BROWN LINNET.

A wild, sweet note
From a little, brown throat,
As if the murmur of brooks were in it;
The song he sings
Of the wildwood rings,
And this the song of my little linnet.

Such ripples and trills!
Ah! my own heart thrills
As the quick notes hurry and hasten along;
That I too may share,
Sweet bird of the air,
Thy pure, wild melody, rich and strong!

No touch as of pain
In thy glad refrain,
Thou singest as if thy heart o'erflowed!
Nothing but gladness,
No hint of sadness,
Only joyously praising thy God!

Merrily ringing,
Cheerily singing,
Saying to the sad of heart "Be of good cheer!
God taught me to sing
The message I bring,
The bright star of hope draweth a-near!"

A pure, clear note
From a tiny throat,
With the rippling murmur of streams within it;
The song he sings
Of the woodland rings,
And this the song of my little linnet.
—*Forest and Stream.*

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

A woman in Nova Scotia pretended to have oats in her hat. She called to her horse. He came, but finding the hat empty turned quickly and kicked. The woman was struck in the forehead and rendered unconscious. Her recovery is doubtful.

The following true story will interest every one who reads it.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

FOUR OF OUR FRIENDS.

WRITTEN BY E. G. BATES.

In our family we had, one and all, solemnly affirmed that though it was the prevailing fashion in our village to keep a dog or dogs, we should never keep one. The father of the family avowed with courage unexampled in these days, that he was "afraid of dogs!" The mother declared that she disliked them. The big brother contemptuously asserted that "a house-dog was a worthless animal." Big sister scorned all dogs, even pugs. The twins uttered no word in favor of the much-maligned canine. We occasionally employed some leisure minutes in congratulating ourselves on our immunity from the troubles of our neighbors, whose gardens were torn up, whose pet cats were worried, whose purses were depleted by frequent payments for chickens killed, and whose peace of mind was often destroyed for the time by the mischievous propensities of the family dog. So we enjoyed our years and months of serenity and happiness.

Now the younger members of our family subscribed for a paper which I wish all little folks would read, and that paper was the means of introducing into our family a succession of dogs of all sizes and conditions. The name of this remarkable paper was "Our Dumb Animals," and with it often came a bundle of "Leaflets." These are all published by the society with the long name, S. P. C. T. A. of Boston, and contain a wonderful lot of wonderful stories of wonderful dogs, and what is more wonderful, the editor says that these are all true stories. This is a great recommendation to children, for we all know that the chief desire of their hearts, after hearing a good story, is to know whether it is true or not; the value of the story being increased tenfold if it is declared by authority to be so.

So the twins read these delightful stories to themselves and to mother, and chattered about them to father as valuable facts and pieces of information; for father was always well pleased if his children would read about things that gave them something to think and talk about. Then the school-teacher had a pile of these papers on her desk and she often read from them to the pupils.

Just at this time a Band of Mercy was started by a wide-awake boy in the class, with the assistance and encouragement of the teacher, and this band the twins joined; being induced to do so, I am sorry to record, more by the charming gilt badges worn by meritorious members than by philanthropic motives. But, at any rate, they became members, and proudly displayed on the background of their neat school suits, the coveted badges for which they paid some of their carefully hoarded pocket-money, thereby depriving themselves of much candy and some peanuts.

Now their father discovered in these badges a direct educational value, and straightway required of his boys that they should be true to their pledges by deed as well as speech. Their work was begun by the school-teacher, who demanded that all members of the band should cease from stoning cats and frogs, and never rob birds' nests. These requirements the father insisted should be met as well as boy nature would allow, and other deeds of mercy were suggested.

The twins tried hard to be merciful and many

a wretched cat and starved dog had a good dinner given them by the zealous little six-year-olds.

Now, one day, as they were hurrying home from school, (they always hurried everywhere,) they found themselves followed by a thin and lame pug dog. The twins immediately thought of their pledges, and, much pleased by puggie's black nose and glassy eyes, eagerly extended an invitation to dine with them, and rushed home at full speed, puggie following as well as her lameness would permit. She was so gentle and well-behaved, and such a tiny thing that the twins could not resist taking her into the kitchen to eat her dinner, though the woodshed was considered fine enough for tramps. From the kitchen it was but a step to the dining-room, and a very slight invitation was all that was needed to get Tiny in there.

There she was so sweet and good after the nice dinner they gave her, and her lameness was so distressing that the mother's consent was asked and obtained that she might be allowed to remain until they should return from afternoon school. When that time arrived they still could not turn her out into the cold world for she was sweeter and nicer than at noon.

She possessed the pretty trick of sitting up on her hind legs to beg, and after she had done this several times of her own free will, trying apparently to soften the hearts of those around her, the twins, with tears in their eyes, begged to be allowed to keep her.

The mother, thinking some way of finding Tiny's (the name suggested itself) owner must be decided upon, gave her consent.

So the father on his return at evening, found installed in his chair at the tea-table, looking unblinkingly at the abundance before her, black-nosed, wrinkled-faced pug!

The twins eagerly told the story, and Tiny was given the best dog-welcome the house afforded, viz., a good supper and bed and many kind words and caresses from all.

The father decided that she was a valuable animal, so in the morning an "ad" as big brother called it was sent to the newspaper office, and the twins lived through several days of delight in Tiny's society and of anguish at the thought of parting with her.

Tiny, as they called her, endeared herself by her loving, obedient nature to every one of the family, all of whom in the beginning were professed scorners of the whole family of canines. Even big brother condescended to suggest a remedy for her lameness and it proved very efficacious, so when one sad day a fine looking lady arrived and claimed the dog, pretty Tiny was well again, clean as a bath could make her, and handsomely adorned by the kindly hand of big sister with a fine blue satin neck-ribbon.

The lady, in her happiness at finding her pet, insisted upon generously rewarding the twins, who however, with their mother's help, sturdily refused to take money for doing what they were pledged to do, thus proving themselves worthy members of the Band of Mercy, and drawing a much needed line between deeds of mercy and mercantile transactions.

The members of the family were afflicted with loneliness after good Tiny's departure, and the twins loudly expressed their dissatisfaction with a family that did not own a dog, and eagerly hoped to find another treasure before many days were gone.

And now something astonishing happened. One evening just as tea was ready, in walked sister (who had been visiting in the country)

leading a nondescript, fat, round, yellow dog the size of a big pug. He was entirely unabashed by the newness of his surroundings, and stared ecstatically, wagging his curly tail, his merry black eyes dancing with joy as he espied the roly-poly twins who greeted him with shouts of joy and tremendous hugs, all of which were received by the new comer with warm recognition and loving return.

In answer to inquiry, sister calmly announced that the dog was a present to her, that she adored him and wished to keep him.

After some demur permission was granted, and thereafter our family trials began. "Bob" he was by name and by nature; he bobbed into everything; he bobbed out of everywhere; he was always bobbing where he wasn't wanted.

He was the very essence of fun and good-nature. He did "naught in malice" but much in mischief. Indoors, he upset the baby fifty times a day; bounced the pillows off the nicely-made beds; shook up the rugs, snapped and tugged at the window draperies; hid all the boots and rubbers that came in his way; tore up the twins' new straw hats carelessly left in a chair.

Outdoors, he flew around like a small whirlwind, drove poor old Madam Cat up into the apple tree; chased the chickens till they were so frightened they did not know where home was; barked at all the passers-by.

He especially doted on boys. He could see one several streets away and would dash off after him for a frolic. Sister purchased a fine alligator's tooth dog whistle, and used it often, but Bob never returned till all the fun was over, and then he was sure to come, though the prayers of the elders of the family were to the effect that some day he might find a better home.

But he was always happy; he loved his home and he loved the twins best of all. His disposition was without a flaw. He was never known, while he lived, to have a despondent, cross day.

And now another sad occasion came to the twins. News came one morning from the railroad station that our Bob had been killed by the express train as it rushed on its headlong way through our village. Poor Bob was out for an early ramble, and stopping on the railroad track to gnaw a delicious bone, was struck and thrown so far by the mighty engine that he was instantly killed.

Many, many tears were shed by the tender-hearted twins at the loss of bright, lively, rollicking Bob. Even baby missed his rough caresses, and often called him for a game. But alas! he could come no more. His body, perfectly free from disfigurement was buried in a neat wooden box at the bottom of the garden, and loving little hands covered the spot with flowers and a shower of golden rose leaves. In all our hearts the memory of his brief, sunny life still lives.

(To be continued in November O. D. A.)

Over the carpets go nimble feet,
Boyish laughter peals loud and sweet,
"Mother is goal!" the racers cry,
To mother in turn the racers fly.

Dear little sons, in life's real race,
When hardest you struggle to win your place,
Pressed by pursuers that mean you ill,
"Mother is goal," be your watchword still.

—Mary B. Bruce, in *St. Nicholas*.

Faithfulness in little things fits one for heroism when the great trials come.—L. M. Alcott.

HOW HE MOVED A BALKY HORSE.

How to move a balky horse has long been an unsolved problem. The ancient philosophers tackled it and generally retired from the field with broken shins or their front teeth kicked in by a Greek horse.

The other day a Telegram reporter saw a fine, mouse colored animal geared to a stylish turnout on Broadway, with eight or ten men trying to get him to move on. One man had him by the bit, and another by the tail, a couple of men put their shoulders against his ribs and heaved as if they were trying to propel a flatboat, but the animal was as immovable as civilization in China.

When everybody was in despair the proverbial stranger appeared, and stepping out of the crowd said to the driver in tones as smooth as castor oil:—

"I'll show you how to make that horse go."

The driver retired and the stranger grabbed the horse confidently by the mouth, opened it as if it were a bank vault, monkeyed around with the insides of the animal's jaw for a few minutes, then seized the beast by the bridle and to the 7x9 astonishment of the crowd, watching the boys with their hands on their watches, the horse started off at a five-mile-an-hour gait, drawing the carriage after him with perfect ease.

The success of the stranger's method of persuading a balky horse to resume its journey without further deliberation was so surprising that the Telegram's balky horse artist asked the stranger how he did it.

"It's very simple," said the horse-taming magician. "Of course you didn't see me, but I took a chip of wood which I picked up from the sidewalk and placed it under the horse's tongue. The presence of that bit of pine chip diverted the horse's attention. He forgot all about being balky. He was thinking of Henry George or the new baths in the Produce Exchange; and when I took hold of the bridle he started off like any other horse, and I have no doubt he is mad enough to kick himself because he did it. A horse is a curious brute—as peculiar as a woman, a regular coquette on four legs—but easy enough to manage if you know how to do it."—*New York Telegram.*

WANTED

In every city and in every town a "Woman's Humane Educational" Society or Circle. It may begin with half a dozen good women, or less, and meet once a week to investigate and discuss how best to promote humane education in its city or town. It may circulate humane literature, influence teachers, the clergy, and the press, and do a world of good not only for the protection of dumb animals, but to protect from barbarity, cruelty and crime everybody and thing that needs protection. All such organizations may write me for help, and so far as our *Missionary Fund* will warrant shall receive it without money and without price.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

All that I am my mother made me.—JOHN Q. ADAMS.

Shakespeare has no heroes; he has only heroines.—RUSKIN.

Never are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But, like flashes to the sun,
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the sorer need.

NEVER a word is said,
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped,
To vibrate everywhere;
And perhaps far off in eternal years
The echo may ring upon our ears.



CHARLEY AND CARLO.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

CHARLEY AND CARLO.

Willie and Harry are brothers. They live in a city in Illinois.

Harry is older than Willie, but they love each other and frolic together a great deal for it makes both happier.

Harry has a beautiful white horse named Charlie. On pleasant mornings after breakfast Harry and Willie often go to the barn, and Harry saddles and bridles Charley, and leads him round to the corner of the house. There he will stand, without being tied, if his friend Carlo, the dog, is with him.

Harry mounts first, and then puts a thick shawl before the saddle and takes Willie up, and Harry puts his arms around Willie and gives him the reins, and Charley trots off as gayly as if he belonged to a king, and Carlo goes with them. They often ride out on the prairie.

As Willie is only four years old it makes people stare to see so small a boy riding a horse.

Willie's father has promised him a horse of his own when he grows older. The above is a true picture of Charley, the horse, and Carlo, Charley's friend.

W. H.

HOMESICK.

A genuine case of equine homesickness is reported from Kimball. Some time ago Louis Richards sold a lot of horses to J. O. York, and among the number was a black that had been owned by him half a dozen years. No sooner had the horse changed stables than he began to grow sick, refused all food, and was thoroughly ill, but when allowed to go free the other day scampered back to his old stable apparently as well as ever. The horse is now in the pasture and is gaining in flesh.—*La Moure, Dakota, Chronicle.*

If woman lost us Eden, such as she alone can restore it.—WHITTIER.

FEEDING THE COW.

Slowly along the shaded lane,
Cropping the grass from side to side,
Here comes the pretty brindle cow
Home, at eventide.

She stops at the garden gate and calls—
"Oh run, little boy! and bring to me
Some of those apples, round and ripe,
I see lying under the tree."

Little golden head his apron fills
With the ruddy apples, juicy and sweet,
Brindle loves to take with her long, rough
tongue
From his dimpled hand and eat.

Tiptoe he stands with eager face,
Holding his bulging apron tight;
As she gently takes the apple he gives
He laughs with fresh delight.

And now she has eaten the very last,
And "just one more," and "one little one
more;"

Then he waits and watches her as she walks
Through the open barnyard door.

It was years ago—yet I often see,
When the summer's day is nearly done,
My baby boy feeding the pretty cow,
In the light of the setting sun.

—Mrs. Richard Grant White.

A young lady in Aroostook county, Me., has been an invalid for upwards of a year in consequence of some one sportively drawing a chair from under her as she was about to sit down. She fell to the floor and has never recovered from the shock.

But one thing on earth is better than the wife
—that is the mother.—*Leopold Shafer.*



HAPPY HORSES.
Loose Check-Reins and No Blinders.

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The Society has about 500 agents throughout the State who report quarterly.

Deal gently with those who stray. Draw back by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold.

A Vassar girl being asked by her teacher what kind of a noun *kiss* was, replied with a blush that it was *both proper and common*.

CURIOSITIES OF MAGNETISM.

Most well informed people are doubtless aware that the globe on which we live is a great ball of magnetism; but few have an idea of the influence this property is continually exerting. Many common but strange phenomena can be traced directly to this source. Statistics show that as many as thirteen steel rails will become crystallized and break on a railroad track running east and west, before one of those on a north and south track is similarly affected. This is entirely due to the magnetism generated by friction, and the fact that the polarity of the magnetic current is resisted on the east and west track, and not on the one running north and south. Another strange effect of this peculiar force is that exerted on the watches of trainmen. A time-piece carried by the conductor running a train twenty miles an hour, however accurate it may be, will, if the speed of the train is increased to say fifty miles, become useless until regulated. The magnetism generated by the flight of a train may be said to be in proportion to the speed with which it is propelled, and the delicate parts of a watch, peculiarly sensitive to this influence by reason of the hammering and polishing they have received, are not slow to feel the effect.

A Broadway engraver recently made this mistake. Mr. and Mrs. — respectfully request your presents at the marriage of their daughter.

The different kinds of laughs they have:—
Dudes: Ha! Ha! Farmers: Ho! Ho! Ho! Teamsters: Haw! Haw! Feed dealer: Hay! Hay! Women: He! He!—*Washington Critic*.

We should often take an inventory of the blessings, the comforts and the solid advantages we have.

Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on one's self.

Cases Reported at Office in August.

For beating, 31; over-working and over-loading, 9; over-driving, 6; driving when lame or galled, 87; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 11; abandoning, 2; torturing, 6; driving when diseased, 4; general cruelty, 61. Total, 217.

Disposed of as follows, viz.: Remedied without prosecution, 66; warnings issued, 79; not found, 15; not substantiated, 39; anonymous, 8; prosecuted, 10; convicted, 3; pending, 2 [Nos. 40 and 55].

Animals taken from work, 37; horses and other animals killed, 37.

Receipts by the Society in August.

FINES.

From Justice Courts.—W. Brookfield, \$10; Wellesley, \$1.

Police Courts.—Springfield, \$5; Chicopee, \$5; Lawrence (2 cases), \$6.

District Courts.—Middleboro, \$5; Worcester, \$30; Clinton, \$10.

Municipal Courts.—Boston (4 cases), \$45; East Boston District, \$5.

Total, \$122; Witness Fees, \$8.45.—\$130.45.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Denman Thompson, \$59; H. J. O. Chase, \$5; Percival Lowell, \$5; Mrs. Annie Eastman, \$2; Mrs. E. M. Tingley, \$1; Mary Robinson, \$1; Mrs. Nelson W. Marra, \$1; Mrs. Charles H. Lord, \$1. Total, \$96.00.

MISSIONARY FUND.

R. C. Story, \$2; Miss Ina Norwood, \$1; Mrs. Bertha F. Ball, 50c. Total, \$3.50.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Maria L. Johnson, \$4; A. A. Judson, \$2.50; Minn. St. Railway Co., \$2.50; St. Paul St. Railway Co., \$2.50; Mrs. L. L. Lewis, \$2.50.

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OTHER SUMS.

Publications, \$54.16; Interest, \$238.75.

BY TREASURER.

Charles A. Barnard, \$100. Total, \$663.36.

Publications Received from Kindred Societies.

Animal World. London, England.

Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Philadelphia, Pa.

Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.

Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.

Zoophilist, London, England.

Bulletin of the Russian S. P. A. St. Petersburg, Russia.

Brighton, England. Report of the Sawbridge-worth Band of Mercy.

Riga, Russia. Annual Report of the Livonian S. P. A., for 1887.

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The following other publications of the Massachusetts Society P. C. Animals can be obtained at our offices at the following cost prices, free of postage:

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The above can be had in smaller numbers at the same rates.

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